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VOLUME III.

THE OLD WHIG & THE OLD TOBY.

BY WILLIAM GILKES.

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at times in the whole settlement! Oughtn't

I to know you? Oughtn't you to know

me, and to fear me, too? Have you forgot-

ten this?" and, dashing off his hat, and

thrusting up his hair as he spoke, he showed

a great scar which traversed nearly the whole

line of his forehead.

B— recoiled, and started as if to

seek shelter in the tavern, but before he could

do so, Col. K—, with tiger-like ferocity,

sprang upon him. The other, now that the

thing was unavoidable, showed himself no

ways backward; and the two clinched, as

if with talons of steel, one hand of K—

being wound in with the long thin grey

hairs of B—, while the fingers of the

other hand were gripped about his neck with

such a riveting firmness, that, in an instant

almost, the eyes of the sufferer seemed to

be starting out of their sockets. B—, mean-

while, was by no means imbecile or

idle. He looked his enemy in an em- brace

of iron sinews, about the waist and

seemed chiefly bent upon throwing him, a

matter more easily resolved upon than done.

And there and thus these two old grey head-

ed men, each more than eighty years of age,

were renewing the conflict half a century

past, and presenting in a real and terrific

drama, the wrathful spirit of that fierce

civil war which had never died out in either

bosom.

The whole scene was over in a few mo-

ments. At first the company taken com- pletely

by surprise, sat motionless. But when their first

astonishment subsided, they darted in and tore

away the combatants from the terrible hug of hate

which they had taken upon each other, and which,

by this time, had brought both of them down

upon the pavement. It was not so easy to

separate them, and after the lapse of several

minutes, when K— lay down upon the

bench from exhaustion, while his enemy had

disappeared, it was discovered that the fingers

of the former still clutched and held a

handful of the long grey hairs of B—.

The latter was no more seen at the "Bull's

Head." The proprietor kept him out of

sight till night, and then sent him to a distant

tavern, where he lay perdu till K—

had left the city.

The cause of the fierce momentary con-

flict may be readily conjectured by all those

who have any knowledge of the history of

the Tory ascendancy of South Carolina during

the Revolution. It involves a story,

which from the lips of K—, whose digres-

sions were endless, and his episodes nume-

rous, was a very long time in telling. I may

diminish it in a few words. K— and B—

were playmates in boyhood. They grew up

to manhood together, but separated at their

father's death, and as was frequently the case,

taking different sides in the great issue be-

tween the colonies and the crown. The

fluctuation in the contest found the two par-

ties alternately in the ascendant, and at such

periods, neither exhibited much forbearance

in the exercise of power. Hate took the

place of former intimacy, and a wild spirit

of revenge, was begotten by frequent ex-

cesses. K— and B— were yet scarcely

men, when they came to blows. They were

separated without doing each other mischief,

in the separation of their several parties. K—

was a member of Marion's men; B—

became a Lieutenant of Loyalists, sometimes

commanded by a British Colonel; at other

times, particularly towards the close of the

war, being under the command of Cruger,

Leslie, or Cunningham. While on a scout-

ing expedition, with a small squad under

his own control, B— penetrated the

old settlement of his boyhood. K— and

his father, the one with Marion, the other

with Sumpter, were both absent. When

they returned they found the family home-

stead a heap of ashes, and the mother of

K— was murdered. The sister, who

had once been an object of B—'s pas-

sion, who was supposed intended to have

married him, was found in spite of her

father's wishes, was the first to report against

him. She alleged that he himself had put

the fire to their dwelling, and she believed

that it was his bullet which had stricken her

mother as she fled. It is due to B— to

state that he solemnly denied the latter im-

peachment. He admitted the arson, and

deplored it to the landlord of the Bull's Head,

and to others, by whom he was rescued from

the fierce gripe of K—. But K—

could not be taught otherwise.

"He left a challenge for me, with my

sister, the villain!" He boasted that all he

wanted was to stand foot to foot with me

in fight—and I swore I—there, then, on bend-

ed knees in the still smoking ashes of our

homestead, that all the passions of my heart

should give way to the single one of ven-

geance!"

"He shall have his," I cried, "but I, too,

shall have mine. We shall meet, foot to

foot, and one or both of us shall sleep for

ever at the place of meeting!"

How I strove for that meeting, day and

night—how I watched and hunted for him—

it is not possible to tell. You see he lives

—both live, and I have labored and prayed

for no purpose." Once only, in the war of

parties, did I encounter him, and we were

both alone. We knew each other at the same

moment. It was close upon the Eutaw set-

tlement. I was crossing a muddy creek ford

when he mounted a hundred yards or more

before me. He looked round as I crossed

the creek, and instantly put spurs to his

horse and went off full speed, and I after

him as hard as I could drive. He didn't

stop to fight—his heart failed him. His

conscience took away his strength; but he

loved life, and he worked for it bravely

enough, though he wouldn't fight. He had

an open field before him, and I had to rise a

hill. This gave him an advantage, but I

had the better horse of the two, and once on

a level with him I gained at every bound. I

gave him both pistols as we ran, but didn't

touch him. He still went clear. He wheel-

ed suddenly into an old road, and for a mo-

ment I lost him. This made me wild. What

with spur and sabre, for I gave my horse

both, I seemed to fly. I was soon in the

road myself, and he still fifty yards or more

ahead. And so we kept for a mile.—Then

the distance shortened, and I felt sure of

him. I whooped to him to stop and meet

the man he had challenged; but no! he

wanted the man enough for that! But I could

see every now and then, that he looked

about, and that he carried his pistols ready

in his hand. There was but that one chance

for him. I kept on the left side of the track,

and pushed the harder. The hoofs of the

two horses now began to come down to-

gether, with one sound only, and I made

ready to cut him down, as soon as he should

close. His pistol didn't scare me. My

blood was like a fire in my brain. I would

have followed him as we rode, into the thick

of Tarleton's Dragoons. It was a delicious

madness that I felt, when I thought that a

few minutes only I should see him laying

under my feet. He knew his danger. He

knew he couldn't stand before me. He was

afraid, dreadfully afraid, but he kept his

senses. I could see him every now and then

looking round to mark the distance between

us, and then, how I shouted to him! I re-

member everything I said. I tried to go

him so as to make him turn about. I didn't

wish to cut him down without giving him

a chance. His face was mighty pale, but

his lips were close set, and his eyes open

but glassy, with a dreadful stare. His time

was coming, I calculated it. Everything

ran through my thoughts in an instant of

time. With three bounds more I should

overhaul him certain, and I threw up my

sabre, gave my horse the ravel all the way

up, rasping his flanks for six inches, and

rose up powerful in my stirrups! Oh! he

was the luckiest villain! Just then he pulled

trigger upon me. But I wasn't hurt! I

brought down my sword with a sweep that

would have cut through and through the car-

cass; but the blade seemed to hang over-

head, and almost fell backwards upon me.

In another minute I understood it all. My

horse reeled under me, struck out his fore-

feet in the air and rolled over. I had just

time to slip off as he was falling, and I

saved myself from being covered by the body.

He was dead, with the bullet through his

brain. I was on my feet in a moment, but

I was in the mercy of the villain. My pis-

tols were both emptied, and my sabre was

from my grasp, and lay five steps or more

from me, by the side of the road. He

might have butchered me like a dog, if he

hadn't been so mightily scared. As it was

he gave me the other pistol and pushed—

never stopping to see what he had done.

But he had nearly finished me as he had

finished my horse—I felt the bullet rushing

along the skull, tearing away the skin, and

scoring me with a sharp stroke like that of

Business Cards.

DR. STRINGFELLOW

H. is found hereafter during the day at his office in Major Evans' new building on Reedy's Drug Store, and during the night at Kennedy's Hotel, unless professionally actual attention will be given to all calls.

12 46

DENTAL OPERATIONS

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 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays,
 he may be consulted on his profession.
 He finds it impracticable to ride through
 country; and operations can be better per-
 at his rooms.

16 29-1f

DR. J. S. PRIDE,
 Having permanently located in the

own of Chester, renders his Professional
services to its citizens and the vicinity
OFFICE at McAfee's Hotel.
23 25 of

E. ELLIOTT.

**SKY LIGHT
GUERREIAN ROOMS.**

Paintures put in neat Cases, Frames, Bronz
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MS ON MAIN STREET.

opposite "Kennedy's Tin Factory."
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B. Jackson.....C. Davis Melton.)
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S. C. 1116 18-1f

Fraser & Commission Business
ADGER'S WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
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 and to Selling of Cotton, Rice, and other
 ry Produce.
 ers filled, and goods selected with care
 ention.
 .11 6-2m

F. E. Fraser,
For, Commission Merchant
AND FORWARDING AGENT.

30
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WM. ALLSTON GOURDIN.
Factor,
 56 East Bay, Charleston, S. C.,
 prepared to make liberal advances on
 consignments of
 Cotton, Corn, Sugar, Flour, Grain, Hay, &c
 REFERENCES:
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ite, J. R. Bates.
ville, S. C.—Tandy Walker, Esq.
more—Tiffany, Ward & Co.
tombago, Tenn.—Candler, French &
m. S. Townsend & Co.
tsville, Ala.—Cabaniss & Shepherd, J.
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16 29-1y

AMERICAN HOTEL.
r of Richardson and Blanding Streets,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

right of Manney, Wm. D. Harris,
PROPRIETOR. ASSISTANT.
Colon's Omnibus will be in readiness at
Railroad Stations to carry Passengers to
house, (or to any point desired,) where
it will find good accommodation and kind at-
tention.

24

J. A. REEDY
has in receipt of his new stock of Drugs
Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Extracts, Paints,
Brushes, Oils, Window Glass and Glass-
ware.

ALSO,

general assortment of **Perfumery, Toilet
Savings Soaps, Fancy Articles, &c.**
of which have been carefully selected in
the most **Refined Cities**, and will be sold at the low-
est prices.
at the **Chester Drug Store.**

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GOD LIVER OIL.
HUTTON, CLARK & Co's., celebrated Cod
Liver Oil—also, A. B. & D. Sands. If not
satisfied the money will be refunded. For sale
by **J. A. REEDY:**

Corn Starch.
 an excellent article, either for table use or
 for Laundry. For sale by
J. A. REEDY.

50 lbs. pure White Lead. Also:—
 Putty, Window Glass, and Paint
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J. A. REEDY.

CASTOR OIL.
 pure and good, for sale by the gallon or
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Oil Oils.
WE OIL of best quality, in Bottles and
Florence Flasks—warranted pure.
—ALSO—
Oil of Dratt, in any quantity, for Mechan-
Call and see. For sale by
J. A. REEDY.

Iron! Iron!!
10 LBS. SWEDISH IRON, all sorts and
sizes, just received and for sale by
BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Lard!
 LOT OF LEAF LARD, of superior quality,
 just received and for sale by
BRAWLEY & ALEXANDER.

Now is the Time!
 subscribers being desirous of reducing
 their present Stock of Goods as much as
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 their stock at greatly reduced prices.—
 cash, purchasers can get goods almost
 our own prices. As Cotton has fallen we

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BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.
 NE lot of superior quality, just received
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TON'S PORTABLE LEMONADE
 GOOD substitute for the Fresh Lemon

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